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W H O L E P R O C E E D I N G S

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JOCKEY and MAGGY

In Five Parts.

- I. Jockey and Maggy's Courtship as they were coming from the Market.
- II. The wonderful works of our John, shewing how he made Janet like an Elsin shaft, and got his ain Maggy wi' bairn forby.
- III. The wonderful works of our John made manifest before the Minister.
- IV. How Jockey and his mother went away to see his bastard child.
- V. How Jockey had another child and could not get it baptized until he mounted the stool; with an account of his mother's death and burial; also, an Elegy on the same occasion.

Carefully Corrected and Revised by the Author.

G L A S G O W :

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JOCKEY and MAGGY'S

*Courtship as they were coming from
the Market.*

P A R T I.

Jockey. **H** EY Maggy, wilt thou stay and tak kent
fouks hame wi' ye the night?

Maggy. Wiltu come awa than Johny. I fain wad
be hame or the ky come in, our meikle Riggy is sic a
rumbling royle, she rins ay thro' the tyre, and flicks
a' the bits a' coutries; my mither is nae able to had her
up to her ain stake.

Jockey. Hute, we'll be hame in bra' time woman:
and how's a' your fouks at hame?

Maggy. Indeed I canna well tell you man, our
guidame is a' gane wi' the gut; my mither is very frail,
my father he's ay wandering about and widdling amang
the beasts.

Jockey. But dear Maggy they tell me we're gawn
to get a wedding of thee and Andrew Merrymonth
the laird's gardener.

Maggy. Na, na, he maun hac a braver las to be
his wife than the like o' me, but Auld Tammy Tail-
trees was seeking me, my father wad a haen me to tak
him, but my mither wadna let, there was an odd debate
about it, my guidame wad a sticket my mither wi' the
grape, if my father hadna chanc'd to founder her wi'
the beetle.

Jockey. Hech woman, I think your father was a
fool for fashing wi' him, auld slavery dufe, he wants
nething of a cow but the clutes, your guidame may
tak

tak him hersel, twa auld tottering sludps, the tane may sair the tither fu' well.

Maggy. Ach man! I wad a tane thee or ony body to hane them greed agen, my father bled my guidame's nose, and my guidame brake my mither's thumb; the neighbours came a' rinning in, but I had the luck to haud my father's hands till yence my guidame plotted him wi' the broe that was to mak our brose.

Jockey. Dear Maggy, I hae something to tell you an ye wadna be angry at it?

Maggy. O Johnny there's my hand I'll not be angry at it, be what it will.

[Shakes hands for fear of an outcast.]

Jockey. Indeed Maggy the fouk of your town and the fouk of our town, says, we are gawn to be married: What say'st thou?

Maggy. I wish we ne'er do war, O Johnny! I dream'd o' you lang syne, an I liket you ay after that.

Jockey. O Maggy! Maggy! dost thou mind since I came to your mither's bill, wi' my mither's cow, ye ken she widna stand, and ye helped me to haud her; ay after that they scorned me that I wad be married on a you.

Maggy. It's very true man, it'll be an odd thing an it be; but it's no fa' back at my door, I assure ye.

Jockey. Nor at mine, but my mither bad me kiss ye.

Maggy. Indeed fall ye Johnny, thou's na want twa kisses man, ane on every side o' the mouth, man.

Jockey. He! ha! Maggy, I'll hae a merry night o' kissing you shortly.

Maggy. Ay but Johnny, you maun stay till that night come: it's best to keep the feast until the feast day.

Jockey. Dinna be angry Maggy, my wife to be, but I have heard my Mither saying in her dassing that fouk sud ay try gin their house will ha'd their plenishen.

Maggy. Ay but Johnny, a wife is ae thing, an a house anither, a man that's a mind to marry a woman he'll no mak her a whore.

Jockey. It's a' true Maggy, but fouks may do it yence

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yence or they be married and no hae nae ill in their minds.

Maggy. Aha Johny, mony a ane has been beguill'd wi' yence, and do it yence ye may do it ay, what an we get a bystart, and hae to suffer for the foul act of fornication.

Jockey. Ay but my mither says, if I dinna get thee wi' bairn, I'll no get thee; so it's the surest way of wooing.

Maggy. Indeed Johny I like you better nor ony laird I see, and I sall marry you an yence my father's muck were out, my mither downa wirk at the midden.

Jockey. A Maggy, Maggy, I am fear'd ye beguile me, an then my mither will murder me for being so filly.

Maggy. My jo Jockey, tell your mither to provide a' things for the bridal, and I sall marry you in three ukes after this, but we maun gie in siller to the Precenter, a groat an a drink to the bellman, and then the Kirk wa's maun hear o't, three sunday's or it come.

Jockey. But Maggy am no to make a blin bargain wi' you nor nae body, I maun ken o' your things an ye sall ken o' mine.

Maggy. I ken well what I was to get, an gin my mither like the bargain well, she'll make it better; but an my father be angry at your match I darna meet you to be married.

Jockey. I see na how he can be angry, I wat well I'm a gay sturdy fallow, when I laid on a bow and five pecks o' bear on the laird's Bawsey, and he's as bilshy a beast as in a' the barronry.

Maggy. Ay but my mither is ay angry at ony body that evens themselves to me, and it binna them she likes, indeed she bade me tak ony body if it were na auld tottering Tammie, for his beard is ay brown wi' sucking tobacco, and flavers a' the breast o' his secket.

Jockey. O! Maggy tak me an I'll tell you what I hae; first my father left me whan he died, fifty merks, twa sacks, twa pair o' sunks, the hens, an the gawn gear was to be divided between me and my mither; and if she died

died first, a her gear was to come amang mine, an if I died before her a my gear was to come back to her again, an her to marry anither man if she cou'd get him. But since it's happened sae she is to gie me Brucky an the the black mare, the haf o' the cogs, three spoons, four pair o' blankets an a can'as, she's to big twa beys to her ain gavel to be a dwelling house to me an my wife, an to get the wee byre at the end o' the raw to haud my cow and twa couries: the haf o' the barn an a' bed o' the kail yard as lang as she lives, an when she dies am to pay the carding o' her honestly, and a' the o'ercome is to be my ain: an by that time I'll be as rich as e'er my father was before me.

Maggy. Truly Johny, I fe no say meikle to the contrair, but an ye hae a mind to tak me wi' what I hae, tell me either now or never, for I fe be married or lang gae.

Jock. I wat well I am courting in earnest, tell me what ye hae, an we'll say nae mair but marry ither.

Mag. I fe tell you a I ken o', whate'er my guidame gies ye's get it.

Jock. That's right. I want nae mair, it's an unco thing to marry a naket woman and get naething bua twa bair legs.

Mag. O John ye're ay in the right o't, for mony ane is beguil'd and gets naething, but my father is to gie me forty pund Scots, that night I am married, a lade of meal, a furlot of groats, auld Crummie is mine since she was a cauf, and now she has a stirk will tak the bill e'er beltan yet, I hae twa stane o' good lint, and three pockfu's o' tow, a good cas bed, twa bowflers and three cods, with three pair o' blankets, an a covering: sorby twa pair to spin, but my mither wadna gie me crish to them, an' ye ken the butter is dear now.

Jock. Then farewell the night Maggy; the best o friends maun part, and so maun thy twa legs yet.

Mag. I wish yon well, Johny, but say nae mair till we be married, and then lad.

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Hame gaed Maggy and tell'd her Mither.

Mag. **O** Mither! I hae something to tell ye, but ye mauna tell my father.

Mither. Dear Maggy an what is that?

Mag. Deed Mither am gawn to be married an' the muck were out.

Mith. Dear Maggy an wha's thou gawn to get, it's no auld bubly Tammie.

Mag. Na, na, he's a bra young man, and has mair gear nor ilka body kens o', guess an I'll tell you, it's Johny Bell, and his mither sent him to the market jult to court me.

Mith. Deed Maggy ye'll no be ill youker wi' him, he's a gay we'll gawn fallow, right spruch, amais't like an ill far'd gentleman. Hey guidman, do ye hear that our Maggy is gawn to be married an the muck were out.

Father. Na, na, I'll no allow that until the peats be eussen and hurl'd.

Mag. O father it's dangerous to delay the like o' that; I like him, an he likes me, it's best to strike the iron whan it's her.

Fath. An wha is she gawn to get guidwife?

Mith. An wha think ye guidman?

Fath. A what wat I herie, an she please hersel, am pleass'd already.

Mith. Indeed she's gawn to get Johny Bell, as cliver a little fallow, as in a the barronry where he bides.

Fath. A well, a well herie, she's yours as well as mine, gie her to wha ye please.

Mith. A we'll Maggy, I've hae a things ready, an I'll hae thee married or this month be done.

Mag. Thanks to ye Mither, mony a good turn ye done me, an this will be the best, I think.

Hame gaed Jockey to his Mither, crying.

Jock. **M**ITHER! Mither! I made it but, her mouth is sweeter na milk, my heart plays a whiltie whaltie whan I kifs her.

Mith.

Mith. Fair fa thee my son Johny, thou's gotten the geat o't at last, and whan is thou gawn to be married?

Jock. When I like mither, but get the masons the morn, to big me my house, for I'll hae a my things in right good order.

Mith. Thou's want for naething, my bairn, but pusht forward as fast as ye can.

The wooing being o'er and the day being set, Jockey's mither kill'd the black boul horn'd yeal Ewe, that lost her lamb the last year, three hens and a gule fitted cock, to prevent the ripples, five pecks o' maut masker in the meikle kirn, a pint o' trykle to make it thicker an sweeter an maumier for the mouth: five pints o' whisky wherein was garlick and spice, for raising o' the wind, an clearing o' their water; the friends and good neighbours went a wi' John to the kirk, where Maggy chanced to meet him and was married by the minister; the twa companies joined together and came hame in a croud, at every change house they chanced to pass by, providence stopt their proceeding, with full stoups, bottles and glasses drinking their healths, wishing them much joy, ten girls and a boy; Jockey seeing so many wishing well to his health, coupt up what he got, for to augment his health and gar him live lang, which afterwards coupt up him, and proved detrimental to the same.

So hame they came to the dinner where his mother presented to them a pipeing hot haggies, made of the creisth of the black boul horn'd Ewe, boil'd in the meikle bag, mixt with bear meal, onions, spice and mint: this haggies being supt warm, the foaming swats and spice in the liquor set John's belly a bizing like a working fat, and he playing het fit to the fidler, was suddenly seized with a bocking and rebounding, gave his dinner such a backward ca that he lost a but the grit bits scythed through his teeth; his mither cried to spence him, and bed him wi' the bride, his breeks being fill'd, they washed both his hips, laid him in his bed, pale and ghostly was his face, and closed were baith his een, ah, cries his mither, a dismal day indeed, his brithal and his burial may baith be on ae day: Some cuist wa-
ter

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ter in his face, and jagg'd him wi' a needle; till he began to rouze himsel up, and rap out broken words, mither, mither, whar am I now; Whar are ye my bairn says his mither, ye're beddet, and I'll bring the bride to you. Beddet, and is my brithel done ells? Ay, said she here's the bride to ly down wi' you: na, na, said he, I'll no ly wi' that unco woman indeed, if it binna heeds and thraws, the way I lay with my mither; O fy dinna affront yoursel. The bride faus a crying. O mither, mither, was this the way my father guided you the first night? Na, na, thy father was a man o' manners and better mettle, poor thing Meg, thou's caud thy hogs to a bonny market. A bonny market says his mither, a shame fa you an her baith, he's worhy o' her tho' she were better nor what she is, or e'er will be. His friends and her friends being in a mixt multitude, some took his part and some took her's, there a battle began in the clap of a hand, being a very fierce tumult which ended in blood, they struck so hard with stones, sticks, beetles and barrow trams, pigs, pots, stoups, trunchers were flying like bombs and granades.

The crook, hools and tongs were all employed as weapons of war; till down came the bed with a great nu of peets. So this disturbed thy treading.

The Wonderful Works of our John.

PART II.

NOW though all the ceremonies of Jockey and Maggy's wedding were ended, when they were fairly beddet, before a wheen rattling unruly witnesses, who dang down the bed aboon them, the battle still encreased, and John's works turned out to be very wonderful; for he made Janet, that was his mither's lass, the last year; grow like an Elthin shaft, and got his ain Maggy wi' bairn forby.

The hamshoughs were very great until auld uncle Rabby

Rabby came in to redd them, and a sturdy auld fallow he was, stood stively wi' a stiff rump, and by strength of his arms rave them findry, singin the ane east and the ither west, until they stood a round about like as mony breathless forsoughen cocks, and no ane durst steer anither for him, Jockey's mither was driven o'er a kist, and brogget a her hips on a round heckle, up she gat and rinning to fell Maggy's mither wi' the laddle, swearing that she was the mither of a the mischief that happened, uncle Rabby ran in between them, he having a great lang nose like a trumpet, she recklessly came o'er his lobster neb a drive wi' the laddle until the blood sprang out and ran down his auld grey baird and hang like snuffy bubbles at it; O! then he gaed woode, and looked as waefu like, as he had been a tod lowrie, com'd frae worrying lambs, wi' his bloody mouth. Wi' that he gets an auld flail, and rives awa the supple, then drives them a to the back o' the door, but yet nane wan out; than wi' chirtten and chappen, down comes the clay hallen and the nen bank with Rab Reid the fidler, who crept up aside the hens for the preservation of his fiddle.

Ben comes the bride when she got on her coat, clappet Rabby's shoulder and bade him spare their lives: for their is blood enough shed in ae night, quoth she, and that my beard can witness, quoth he. So they all came in obedience to uncle Rabby, for his supple made their pows baith fast and fair that night; but dast Maggy Simson sat by the fire and picket hanes a the time o' the battle: indeed quoth she, I think ye're a' fools but mysel; for I came here to get a guid supper, and other fouk has gotten their skin we'll pair.

By this time up got John the bridegroom, that was Jockey before he was married, but could na get his breeks; yet wi' a horse nail he tacked his sark tail between his legs, that nane might see what every body should hide, and rambling he cries settle ye, or I'll gar my uncle settle ye, and fasten ye're heads wi' my auld supple.

Poor Rab Reid the fidler took a sudden blast; some said

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said he was maw turn'd wi' the fa'; for he backed up a the barley and then gar'd the ale go like a rain-bow frae him as brown as wort brose.

The hurly burly being ended, and naething but fair words and shaking o' hands, which was a fare sign o' an agreement, they began to cow' their cutter lugs, and wash their fairs, a but jockey's mither, who cries out a black end on a you and your wedding baith: For I hae gotten a hunder holes dung in my arse wi' the heckle teeth.

Jockey answers. A e'en had you wi' them than mither, ye will een be the better fair'd.

Up gets uncle Rabby, and auld Sandy the Sutor of Seggyhole, to put every thing in order; they prapet up the bed wi' a rake and rippling kame, the bearers being broken, they made a solid foundation of peets, laid on the cauf bed and bowfers, where Jockey and Maggy was beddet the second time.

Jockey no being used to lie wi' a naked woman, except heads and thraws wi' his mither, gets his twa hands about the bride's neck and his hough out o'er her hurdies, saying, I ne'er kist wife nor lass naked before, and for fainness I'll bite you, I'll bite you, &c. Naithing mair remarkable till about haf a year and four ukes thereafter, in comes Marion Musket rinning bare-foot and bare legget, wi' bleart cheeks and a watery nose, cursing and banning, greeting and flyting.

Marion enters. Crying, and whar's John.

His mither answers. Indeed he's out in the yard powing Kail runts.

Marion. A black end on a him and his runts baith, for he's ruin'd me and my bairn.

Mith. Ruin'd you! it canna be; he never did you ill, nor said you ill, be night or be day, what gars you say that?

Mar. O woman! our Jenny is a rowing like a pack o' woo; indeed she's wi' quick bairn, and your John is the father o't.

Mith. Our John the father o't! had there enough said, lying lown, I true our John was ne'er guilty of sic

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fic a sinfu action: Daft woman, I true it ill be but wind that hoves up the lasses wame; she'll hae drunken some sour drink like sour sowens, or rotten milk that mak's her fae.

Mar. A wae be to him and his actions baith, he's the father o't furnicator dog that he's, he's ruin'd me and my bairn; I bore her and brought her up honestly, till she came to you; her father died and left me wi' four o' them, there warn a ne o' them cou'd put on anither's claes, or tak a louse aff ither.

Mith. I bid you had your tongue, and no even your bystarts, to my bairn, for he'll ne'er tak wi't: he, poor silly lad, he wad ne'er look to a lass, be's to lay her down. Fy Maggy cry in o' John, and let's ratify't wi' the auld ruddoch: ay, ye're no blate for saying fae.

Mar. Be angry, or be well pleased, I'll say in a your faces, an I'll ca you before your betters about it or lang gae.

John enters. An what want ye now, is our brose ready yet?

Mith. Ay brose, black brose indeed for thee, my bairn; here Marion Mushet saying ye hae gotten her dochter wi' bairn.

Jock. Me mither? I ne'er lay in a bed wi' her dochter a my days, it'll be the young lairds, for I saw him kiss her at the Lammas fair, an let glam at her nonsense.

Mith. Ay, ay, my man Johny, that's the way she has gotten her belly fu' o' bairns; it's no you nor the like o' you, poor innocent lad, that gets bystart weans: a wheen filthy louns, every ane louns on anither, and gies you the wyte o' a.

Mar. You may say what you like about it, it's easy to ca a court whar there's nae body to say again, but I'll tell you a I ken about it, and that is what she tell't me, and you guidwife tell't me some o't yoursel; an gin ye hadna brought in Maggy wi' her muckle rocher atween the twa, your Jockey and my Jenny had a been man and wife the day.

Jock.

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Jock. I wat well that's true.

Mith. Ye filthy dog at ye are, are you gaun to confess wi' a bystart, and it no yours: dinna I ken as well as ye do wha's aught it.

Jock. Ay but mither, we may deny as we will about it, but I doubt it come to my door at last.

Mith, Ye silly sumff and senseless fallow, had ye been knuckle deep wi' the dirty drab, ye might a said sae, but ye tellt me lang syne that ye cou'd na lo'e her, she was so lazy and lown like: besides her crooket fit and bow'd legs.

Jock. Ay but mither, do ye mind since ye sent me out to gie her the parting kifs, at the black hole o' the peet stack; she rave the button frae my breeks, and wad gar me do't: and had me do't, and cou'd flesh and blood refuse to do't; I'm sure mither, I cou'd ne'er get her wi' bairn an my breeks on.

Mith. Na, na, poor simple silly lad, the wean's no yours, ilk ane loup on of anither, an you'll get the wyte o' a the bystarts round about.

Up gets Maggy wi' a rore, an rives her hair, cries her back, belly and baith her sides; the weed and gut gaes thro' my flesh like lang needles, nails or elshin irons. Wae be ti' the day that e'er I saw his face, I had better a married a tinkler, or a followed the fogers, as mony a honest man's dochter has done, and liv'd a better life than I do.

Up gets Jockey and rins o'er the riggs, for John Roger's wife, auld Katty the howdy, but or he wan back she parted wi' Patrick thro' perfect spite, and then lay twa fauld o'er a stool in a swoon.

Jock. A well, a well, sirs, since my first born is e'en dead without seeing the light o' the warld; ye's a get bread an cheese to the blyth meat, the thing we shou'd a war'd on the banket will sair the burial, and that will ay be some advantage: an Maggy should die, I maun een tak Jenny, the tane is as far a length as the tither: I'll be furnisht wi' a wife between the twa.

But Maggy turn'd better the next day, and was able to muck the byre: yet there gad sic a tittle tattling thro'

thro' the town every auld wife tell't anither o't, and a the light hippet huffies that rins between towns at een, tugging at their tow rocks, spread it round the kintry; and every body's mouth was fill'd wi' Jockey and Jenny, and how Maggy had parted wi' bairn.

At last Mefs John Hill hears of the horrid action, and sends the elder of that quarter and Clinkem Bell the grave maker, to summon Jockey and Jenny to the session, and to see how the stool of repentance wad set them, no sooner had they entered the door but Maggy sa's a greeting, and wringing her hands; Jockey's mither fell a siting, and he himself a rubbing his lugs, and riving his hair, saying, O gin I were but a half-ell higher, I sude be a soger or it be lang, and gie me a good flail or a corn fork, I sude kill Frenchmen enew, before I gaed to face yon flyting ministers, an be set up like a warlds wonder, on their cock stool or black stool, an wha can bide the shame, whan every body looks to them, wi' their sacken sarks or gowns on them, like a piece of an auld canvas prickt about a body, for naething, but what every body does amaisht, or they be married as well as me.

Mith. My man Johnny, ye're no the first that has done it, an ye'll no be the last; een mony o' the ministers has done it themselves, hout ay, your father and I did it mony a time.

Mag. Ay, ay, and that gars your son be so good o't as he is: the thing that is bred in the flesh is ill to pit out o' the bane.

Mith. Daft woman what way could the world stand, if fouks wadna make use o' ither, it's the thing that's natural, bairns getting; therefore it's no to be scunnert at.

Mag. Ay, ay, but an they be for the like o' that they should marry.

Mith. But I think there's little ill tho' they try it yence or twice or they be married; it's an unco thing till a body to be bound to a business, if they dinna ken whether they be able for it or no.

Mag. Ay, ay, that's your way o' doing and his, but

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its no the way o' ither honest fouk ; see what the minister will say to it.

Mith The minister is but a mortal man, and there's defections in his members as well as mine.

Mag. Ay, but fouk should ay strive to mortify their members.

Mith. An is that your Whigry ? Will you or any body else, wi' your mortifying o' your members, prevent what's to come to pass ? I wish I saw the minister an his elders, but I'se gie him scripture for a he's done yet : tell na me about the mortifying o' members, gin he hae gotten a bystart let him and her feed it between them an they sude gie't soup about : but she maun keep it the first quarter, an be that time muckle black lady 'ill be cauft, we sall sell the cause an foster the wean on the cow's milk : That's a better mense for a fault, than a your mortifying o' your members, and a your repenting stools ; a wheen papist rites an rotten ceremonies, fashing fouks wi' sack gowns an buttock males, an I dinna ken what, but bide you yet till I see the minister.



The wonderful works of our John, made manifest before the Minister, &c.

P A R T III.

NOW Jockey and his mither went into the little byre, and held a private meeting, nane present but auld bruckie, and the twa brutes the bits a couries.

Mith. Ye silly dog, an be drown'd to you, how cou'd ye confess sae muckle to maellie shanket Marion, altho' she be her mother.

Jock. O mither, mither, say nae mair about it, my ain wand has dung me dourly ; sadly have I suffered for that, and ye ken a the misery's com'd o'er our

Maggy

Maggy, my mouth's the mither o't, sae ha'd your tongue I tell you now.

Mith. An tell ye me to ha'd my tongue, and ye had a hauden your tongue and your tail, an a done as I bade you, ye hadna hane sae muckle ado the day daft filly dog it thou is.

Jock. Mither, mither, gies nane o' your mocks nor malice, for tho' I got the wean, ye hae as muckle the wyte o't as I. Gae seek me out my three new sarks, an Sundy's shune, an I'll gae whar ne'er man saw my face before, neither wood, water nor wilderness, sall haud me again.

Mith. My bra man Johny, ye manna do that, stay at hame wi' me, and set a stout heart till a stay brae, I'll gae to the session wi' you, gang whan ye like.

Jock. A well mither, I sall do your biddin for ance yet, but whan the minister flytes on me, answer ye him, for I canna speak well again.

Mith. Say nae mair, I hae a poksu' o' perfect petitions to louse an put to him an his elders, and if thou maun gae to their black stool, it's no be thy lane sall sit upon't.

Jock. But mither, whether will I deny the doing o't or confess the game was at the getting o't.

Mith. Ay, ay, confess ye did it, but say but ance, and that it was on the terms of marriage, the way that a' our kintry byllarts is gotten.

Now Jockey being three times summon'd to the session and did not appear, the session insist for a warrant from the justice of the peace, which was readily granted, more for diversion than justice sake, the warrant being given to John King the constable, who went away with Clinkem Bell on Saturday's morning, and catch'd John just at his breakfast, hauls him awa, ane at ilka oxters like twa butcher dogs hinging at a bull's beard, his mother followed, driving him up with good counsels, my bra' man Johny, haud up your head, dinna think shame, for a' your fauts is but perfect honey, you're neither a thief, whore nor horse stealer.

Then Maggy ran for uncle Rabby, an uncle Rabby

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sent to Sandy the Souther of Seggyhole, the Souther saddled his mare, and uncle Rabby got aff at the gallop on his gray powney, west the hags, an o'er by Whitehill-though, the nearest, and was at Sir James the justices lang or John was brought into judgment.

John enters before the justice, with a red, red face, Goode'en Mr Justice, Sir James, an't please your honour ye manna put me in prison, for am no malefactor, but a poor honest kintry man, that was born in an ill planet, my mither says't I had the ill luck of a misfortune to sa' foul wi' furnication, and got my mither's lass wi' bairn the last year, and they're gawn to father't on me the year again.

The justice smiling, answer'd, indeed John I think it is but very just and reasonable that ye be accountable this year for your last years labours.

Jock. Ay, ay, sir, I have laboured very fair since my father died, but our plough canna get gane for frost this four days.

Just. Ay but John, that's no what I mean, it's the child ye got last year, ye must be answerable for this.

Jock. A deed sir, there was twa o' them, but there is ane o' them dead.

Just. A well then John you'll have the more to give the one that's alive.

Jock. O ! but sir, it's my ain wean that's dead, the ane I got wi' my wife; I dinna ken whither the tither be mine or no.

Just. Yours or no sir, when ye told me ye got it; if ye should get it wi' a beggar wife at the back of a dyke what is that to the purpose, when it is of your getting you must maintain it?

Jock. O ! yes sir, am no refusing to gie meat and meal to maintain't; but my mither winna let me to the black stool.

Just. Why not go to the black stool, when guilty of such an action as deserves it; if you have any reasons why you should not go, argument it in session and clear yourself if you can.

John's mother enters, and addresses herself to the servant lass, thinking she was the justice's lady. In-

Indeed mistress madam, if ye were a kinty good-wife, like mysel, I could tell you a' about it, but you that's gentiles, I canna use freedom wi' you, cause I hae na Latin. But waes me we that's poor fouk is born to mony sealins and backwart faus, this lad is my son, an am his mither, he has had the foul fortune to get a bystart bairn, nae doubt but we hae been a' guilty o' as muckle and ne'er a word about it, a what say ye madam?

Off goes the lass, saying, Foul sa the wife, for I was never guilty o't.

Just. Well goodwife, what is the reason but ye let your son give satisfaction to the kirk?

Mith. Deed stir, he's no denying the bairn, but he'll no hae the black stool.

Just. Ay, but I tell you them that gets a bystart, gets the black stool to the bargain, and as he is in my hands now, he must find caution that he will answer the session and be subject to the law.

Mith. Ony thing ye like, stir, but that shamefu' stance, the black stool, here's uncle Rabby, and auld Sandy the Sutor, will be caution that we's face the session on Sunday, the lad's wae enough he did it, but he canna help it now, the wean's born and by hand; Sae goodnight wi' your honour's ladyship it's the first time e'er I was before you.

On Sabbath after sermon the session met, John and his mother is call'd upon, he enters couragiously, saying, Goodeen to you Master minister, belman, and elders a' my mither and me is baith here.

Mess John. Then let her in, come awa goodwife. What's the reason you keep your son so long back from answering the session? you see it is the thing you are obliged to do at last.

Mith. Deed stir, I think there needs na be nae mair wark about it, I think whan he's gien the lazy hulke, the mither o'r, baith meal and grots to maintain't, ye need na fash him, he's a dutifu' father indeed, weel a war, whan he feeds his bystart sae well.

Mess John. Woman are you a hearer of the gospel?

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that ye reject the dictates of it, how come you to despise the discipline of the church? is not offenders to be rebuked and chastised?

Mith. Yes sir, a' that is very true, but I hae been three or four times throw the Bible, and the New Testament, and I never saw a repenting stool in't a'; than whar cou'd the first o' them come frae, the Apostles had nane o' rhem. But a dast history book tells me, that the first o' them was used about Rome amang the Papists, and ay whan ony o' them turn'd Whigs, they were put on a four neuked thing, like a yarn winnle blads, and rave a' their gouls sindry till they turn'd Papiists again: and then for anger they put them on a black stane or stool, in the mids o' the kirk, and the seck gown about them, wi' the picture o' the de'il and Satan on't, a sweet be wi' us, we sudna speak o' the ill thief in the kirk, but it is a mercy the minister's here an' he come, but that was the original of your repenting stools, and whan the whigs chas'd awa the Papist fouk out o' this kintry, they left a wheen o' their religious pictures, and the stool o' repentance was amangst the spoil, but yese no get my bairn to set upon a thing as hich as a hen bawk, and ilka body to be glowering at him.

Mes: John. Woman I told you formerly that any who refuses submission to the government of the church, is liable to excommunication: and that we are to put the law in execution against adultery and fornication, or the sin thereof lies partly on our head.

Mith. As for your sin of adultery, I have nae thing ado wi't; I ken my son is a furnicator, and ye can neither mak him better nor war nor he is, there's nae man can keep a standing in their ain hand, fortune I mean, if it be a sin let him confess't, and forsake it, and wi's pay the buttock mail and mak na mair about it.

Mess John. Goodwife you need not think your son will pass so, more than others that has been before him he must actually come before the congregation three sabbaths before he be absolved from the scandal,
and

and get the benefit of any church privileges like any other honest man.

Mith. Indeed Mefs John, my son will never set his hips upon't; if he maun come before you, I'll gar him stand a bit a back frae't and hear what ye hae to say about fornication, twa harmlefs free bodies, passing their trials to see what they can do, ye that's whigs may mak enough o't, but I think na muckle about it.

Mefs John. Woman you may go home and see what ye have to do; ye have a very bad tongue: it's no you we are to take account of.

Mith. Ay, ay, ye that's ministers and modest fouk may say sae, but if my son had tane as good tent o' his tail, as I can do o' my tongue, there had na been sae muckle about it, a wheen silly lowns kens na what they were made for, or how to guide a thing whan they get it.

Mefs John. Put her out, she's going to speak bawdy.

Mith, O ay, stir, I'll gang out, but I'll hae my bairn out wi' me.

Mefs John. We must first ask some few questions at him, there is no harm can come on him here.

Mith. For as good company as you think yourselves, I wad rather hae him in anither place.

John's kept in and his Mother put out.

Mefs John. Well John, you must tell us whether this child was gotten before ye was married, or since; for I suppose by the time of the birth it is much about the same time.

Jock. Hout ay, stir, it was gotten lang or I was married, I need na forget the getting, it was na sae easy to me.

Mefs John. How long is it since ye was first acquainted?

Jock. Just when she came to be my mither's lass, I never saw her but ance before, and gin I had never seen her, I had never kend her alter sic a fashous fashion.

Mefs John. How long was she serving with your mother.

Jock.

Jock. Just twa hailyerts: and I got her wi' bairn about a year after she came, and its no a year yet since I was married.

Mess John. Dear John there is a contradiction indeed, a woman cannot go two years with child.

Jock. Deed sir, it was, then the wean was first gotten.

Mess John. A John, John, I find you out to be a sinful liver, you and that woman has had carnal dealings for some time; it is ill keeping the cow out of the corn, if she once get a way of going to it, ye should actually a married the poor woman, when ye cohabited so long together.

Jock. No sir, we didna cow habit together, tho' she kist me, and I kist her, sometimes in the barn, and sometimes in the byre: nane ken't o't but my mither, an' she wadna let me tak her, but sent me awa to court our Maggy.

His mother cries through the hole o' the door: A ye senseless sumph, is that a' the thanks I got for counselling you to do weel, ware na me ye wad a been married on a lownlike leepet, lazy lump, who had neither wit nor wyles, no sae much judgment as wyse the wind frae her tail but lute it gang afore fouks.

Up gets the elders crying, Fy, fy, Duncan the bell-man drive that wicked wife frae the door she disturbs us all.

Duncan runs to the door whispering, shame sa you for a wife gang out o' that: but I wad rather hear you, as hear them yet.

Mess John. Now John will you be so plain as tell me whether ye promist to marry the woman or no, when ye lay with her?

Jock. Na, sir, I didna lie wi' her, for the herd and me lay in the byre bed, and she lay in the little lang saddle at the hallen end.

Mess John. It is all one whether ye lay with her or not, when ye have got her with child, that's what ye confess.

Jock. I kenna whither I got her wi' bairn or no: but

but I did wi' her as I did wi' our Maggy, when she fell wi' bairn.

Mess John. But the question is, whether or no, did you promise to marry her when that child was gotten?

Jock. Hut, tut, stir, ye wad fash souk spiering a thing it was her that promist to marry me for the getting o't.

Mess John. And did not you do the like to her.

Jock. A what needed I do the like when she and my mither did it a' but the wean getting, she could na' do that.

Mess John. Indeed John you seem to have been a parcel of loose livers altogether.

Jock. A loose stir, I wish I were loose yet, better be loose than bun to an ill stake.

Mess John. I see it is needless for me to enquire any further into the matter, I find you out guilty, therefore, you must appear publicly on the stool of repentance on Sabbath next, and the two following thereafter, or ye be absolved from the scandal.

Jock. Indeed, master minister, am very easy about repentance, and for your stool, its a seat am very indifferent about, for am but bashfu', and as I was never guilty o' getting bystarts, either before, or sin syne, except in thoughts, words, deeds and actions, I think ye may een let me pass, I suffered enough wi' the clash o' the kintry, and loss o' my ain wain, it was nae bystart, ye canna gar me stand for that.

Mess John. You appear to be such a stupid fellow, the like of you should neither have lawful child or bastard, and I admire that such an idiot as you, was allowed to be married to any woman; and you James, who is elder of that preporition, should have given information of this man's capacity, before he was joined to a wife.

Elder. Indeed sir, ye ken very well, he answered the questions at the examine, better nor any other souks and I think he is best married, for he might a gotten mae bystarts and a fasht us.

Jock. Indeed stir, its very true for when ance I got the

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the gate o' women, I cou'd na bide aff them, but our Maggy was unco cunnen, she wad na let me do nae-thing but kiss her and kittle her till ance wi was married.

Mefs John. I'll ask no more questions at him: call on his mother, (in she comes,) Goodwife, we have ordered your son to appear three sabbaths on the stool an' there to be reproved before the congregation publicly an' be absolved from the scandal.

Mother. Than the ill thief be in his a -se Mefs John, gin e'er he set his hip upon't, my bairn on your black stool? and wadna't be a great blunder on the auld black face o't to my son to gang on't before the young laird, who has had twa bystarts and ne'er set a hip on't yet, and he's continually riding on the huffies to this day, and them that wadna let him, he rives their duds, and kicks their douns. A dear Mefs John, an ye gie gentle fouk a toleration to whore, to fornicate, kiss an' kuddle a wee, wi' ilka body they like, I'll gie you ten marks and gie't to me an' my son too.

Mefs John. And what shall we do with these odious persons?

Elders. Indeed, sir, we see not what we can make of them.

Mefs John. Make of them, we'il exclude them from all-church benefit, and lay them under the lesser excommunication.

Mith. Indeed stir, tak your mind o't as our cat did o' the haggies, when she sippet it a', and crap in o' the bag

If ye winna christen the wean, ye canna hinder us to cast a cogfu' o' water on the face o't, and ca't ony thing wi like.

So out she goes shutting Jockey before her, so John went and pisht on the auld minister's widow's gavel, and there was nae mair about it that day.

How

*How Jockey and his Mother went away
to see his Bastard Child, &c.*

P A R T IV.

NOW Jockey and his mither came hame together,
chick for chow cracking like twa hand guns.

Moth. I true I have fought a battle this day, and
win the field condingly, whan I hae conquer'd a' the
canker'd carles about the kirk.

Jock. Indeed mither I think ye are a better man nor
the minister, an gin ye had Arithmattock and Latin, to
ken the kittle figures you may preach as we'il as he.

Moth. I true Jock lad their black stool o' sham re-
pentance ne'er got sic a rattle as I hae gient the day.

Jock, Na, na, mither, a the whoremongers that ever
set a hip on't kens na sae muckle about the auld foun-
dation o't as ye do.

Moth. But Johny man, an' thou wad start in the
morning, the first o' the daft days, and that's on Mun-
day, ye an' I wad go an' see the daft jade, Jenny the
mither o't.

Jock. Wi' a' my heart mither, but wi' maun gi't
something an' it were an auld servet, or an auld fark to
keep the hips o't warm, young weans is ay wet about
the a—se ye ken.

Moth. A well then Johny, I'll cry to thee whan the
hens begins to keckle, and that's about the break o' day,
an' wees be ready to tak the road again Torryburn day
light, whan weel ken a turd by a stane.

Up gets auld Maggy, Jocks mither in the morning,
puts on the kettle, and maks her Yool sowens, the mei-
kle pot hung on the fire a' night wi' the cheek of an
auld cows head, skim aff the fat an' mak's a great cog
o' brose, then pours on a chappen o' clean creish like
oil,

oil, which made a brave sappy breakfast for Jock and his mither, and Maggy got the cog to scart.

The brose being done and a' thing ready, he halts the black mare, lays on the sunks and a' covering, fine furniture for a country wife.

Jockey mounts, and his mother behind him, trots awa, till coming down the brae abune John Davie's well: the auld beast being unfery o' the feet, she sun-d'red before, the girth and curple brake, Jockey tumbled o'er her lugs, and his mother out o'er him in the well wi' a slung.

Jock. Ay, ay, mither tho' I sell ye needna saun abune me, an' gin ye had lyne whar ye lighted first, ye wad na tumbl'd into the wall; its an unco thing that a body canna get a fa' but ye maun fa' abune them: auld rud-doch is thou is, thou might a hauden better by the rumple, an' ye wadna a bruised a' my back wi' your auld hard banes, nor a' wat a' yoursel sac, and see how ye hae drummel'd a John Davie's well.

Mith. Hech quo she, I wonder gin I be kill'd, thou always was wont to get the word of a good rider? baith upon hussies and horses, an' this be thy management thou's little worth; sel'd the auld beans it bore thee! sic a bath as I hae gotten to my Yool, thou coudna gien me a war bed nor a water hole in a cauld frosty morning: wae be to thee an' that ill gotten gett o' thine, O! let never better bounty be gotten wi' bystarts getting, an' this is so much for the fruits o' fornication, a war stance nor the black stool yet.

Jock. Let's a be now wi' your auld taunts about bystarts getting. or I'll gie you the wind o' the mare's tail, an' gar you wammel hame an' a' your wate coats about you.

Moth. Na, na, my man Johny, haud the auld jade till I loup on, we came together, and wi's gang together, wi sail see thy bystart and its mither or wi gae hame.

Jock. Wi' a' my heart mither, but yonder the house an' the hens on't, the lums reeking rairly, but little ken they wha's coming.

At length they came to Jenny's mother's door.

In goes his mother and in goes his mare.

Himself follows after, cries how's a' here?

Moth. Hech, is that poor body in her bed yet?

Her mother answers,

Well a wat she's in her bed, an' cauld cauld, and comfourtless is her lying; bystarts getting is just like lent gear, seldom or ever weel paid back again; but my poor lassie coudna done war nor she's done, O! gin she had a yielded her body to some bit herd laddie, he wad a seen her lang or now.

Moth. A dear Marrion what wad ye be at? Do ye think that our John wha has a wife o' his ain, cou'd come an' wait on her as she were a dame o' honour, or yet an honest man's wife, poor silly loun it she is, an' he had thought on what he was com'd o' he wad ne'er a offer'd benovelence to the like o' her.

Mar. An' ye had a been as great a interrogater against his making her double ribbet, as ye're now against doing her juttice, for the filthy jimerack he's gien her, ye wadna need to ca' her silly loun the day, an' him an honest man: But the ne'er a honest man wad a hodd'd fae lang on a ae poor hussie an' then gane awa an a married anither for love of a pickle auld clouts, an' twa three pockfu's o' tow: an' she is but a silly loun indeed that lute him or ony rattle scul else, shake their tail so lang upon her, without his faith, an' his troth, an' his silt before the minister.

Moth. A could be your cast kimmer, do ye think it your dadeling daughter's a match fit for my son John; I think less may fair, her father was but a poor cotter carle, an' our John's father was a farmor, an' its but a trick o' youth, an' the course of youdeth maun be out; but she may thank good fortune an' tell her friends ay, an' count it a credit that ever she bore a bystart to the like o' him; a good fu fat farmor's son, but ae step laigher nor a laird.

Mar. A wae be to sic a credit it's no worth the cracking o', an' whar was a' his noble equals whan he bute to lay a leg on a my poor lassie, poor clarty clunny

it thou is? an' if they warn a baith ae man's mak I wad think naething o't; for they warn a needle o' differ between their dadies an' what war they baith but twa sticket taylors at the best? ye had as good a gane hame an' a counted your bow-kail stocks, as come here to count kindred wi' me.

Jock. Hout awa daft witless wives, I kenna what you're flyting about, I wad rather see the wean gin it be ony thing walty and like the world.

Mar. Indeed sall ye John, you'll see your ain picture for little filler, a' muckle mouth't haverel it is just like yoursel.

The child is presented.

Jock. Mither, mither, it has a muckle mouth just like mine, an' sees wi' baith ot's een, an bit five days auld yet,

Moth. Dear Johnny thou's no wife man, wad tu hae the wean to be blin, the poor thing saw what it was new born.

Jock. A what ken I mither, am no sae weel skill'd as the howdies, an' them that's ay hobbling weans: but I thought they had abeen like the wee bit's a whalpies, nine nights auld before they had seen ony.

Moth. Awa, awa, ye witless widdyfu', comparing a beast till a woman's ain bairnie: a dog is a brute beast, an' a wean is a chrisen'd creature.

Jock. Na mither, its no a chrisen'd creature yet, for hit has neither gotten the words nor the water, nor as little do I ken how to ca't yet.

Mar. I wat well it's a very uncanny thing to keep about a house, or yet t' meet in a morning, a body wanting a name,

Moth. Hout tout ay, ye it's auld wives is ay fu o' frits an' religious fashions, them that looks to frits, frits follows them, but it is six and thirty years since I was a married wife, an' I never kend a Sabbath day by a nither ane, mony a time till the bell rang.

Mar. Dear guidwife what needs ye speak so loud? ye fright the wean wi' crying sae, see as it starts.

Moth. Ay, ay, the bystarts is a' that way, but ken ye the reason o' that?

Mar.

Mar. Ye that kens the reason of every thing may soon find out that too.

Moth. A deed than woman I'll tell you, the merry begotten weans, its bystarts I mean, is redd wood, half witter hillocket sort o' creatures; for an it be na ane among twenty o' them, they're a' scar'd o' the getting, for there's few o' them gotten in beds like honest fouk's bairns; but in out-houses, auld barns, backs o' dykes, and kil loggies; whar there's ay some body wandering to scar poor needfu' persons, at their job of journey wark: for weel ken I the gait's o't, experience gars me speak.

Jock. A deed mither that's very true, for whan I was getting that wean at the black hole o' the peat stack, John Gammel's muckle Colly came in bekind us wi' a bow wow, of a great goul just abune my buttocks; an' as I'm a sinner, he gart me loup leveruck hight, an' yet wi' got a wean for a' that.

Moth. A weel than Johnny that mak's my words good yet.

Jenny answers out o' the bed. A shame fa your fashions ye hae na muckle to keep whan ye tell how it was gotten, or what was at the getting o't.

Jock. A shame fa your sell Jenny, for I hae gotten my part o' the shame else, an' gin ye hadna tell'd first there wad nane kend, for nae body saw us but John Gammel's auld colly an he's no a sufficient witness.

Mar. Now guidwife amang a' the tales ye hae tell'd me, how is this wean to be maintain'd?

Moth. I'll chance on your auld black mouth Marri- on, did not I send you my guid spritiled hen, a pund of butter and a fixpence, sorby a lippy o' groats an' a furlat o' meal; mak her a guid cogfu' o' brose, an' put a knoist o' butter in them, to fill up the hole whar the lown came out, an' I'll send mair or that be done.

Mar. An it be na better nor the last ye may een keep it to your sell; your groat meal, and gray meal, sand dust and seeds, course enough to feed cocks an' hens, besides a woman in her condition.

Moth. A foul be your gabs, ye're a sae gash o' your gabbies

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gabbies; a whine fools that stives up your gutses wi' guid meat, to gar the worms turn wanton and wallop in your wames; feedyourselfes as I do, wi' hacket kail, brose made o' groat meal, an' gray meal, sands, seeds, dust an' weak shilling, ony thing is good enough to fill the guts an' make T—d of.

Jock. Na, na, mither an' the wean wad suck our Maggy, I sud take it hame in my oxtar.

Moth. O ye fool, Maggy's milk is a mould salt an' sapless lang syne; but I true she wad keb at it, as the black ew did at the white ews lamb the last year, sae speak nae mair o' Maggy's milk, no to compare a cat to a creature, the yeal cats is never kind to kitlens, an' the maiden's bairns is a unco weel bred.

Jock. Na, na, ye're a' mistane mither, Maggy has milk yet for every pap she has is like a burn pig, I'll warrand ye they'll haud pints the piece.

Moth. My man Johnny let them keep the wean, that has the wean, we'll never miss a pockfu' of meal now and tan, I wadna hae my bed pisht and blankets rotten for a bow o' the best o't.

Jock. O mither! I canna lea't I like it sae weel it has twa bonny glancing een, just like mine in a kiken glass, I wonner how I was able to get the like o't, indeed mither I think mare o' it, nor I do o' my gray horse, Maggy an' the four ky.

Moth. My man Johnny ye're at nae strait about bairns getting, nae needs to gang to London to learn that auld trade; I ken very weel when ane gets warklums right to their hand, nature will teach them how to fa' to.

Jock. Now fare ye weel Janet, that wean is weel worth the warkmanship, I'll warrand ye. weel a wat ist,

Jenny. Guidnight wi' you John, but O man thou's broken my fortune, I'll never get mair o' a man nor I hae gotten, an' dear, dear, hae I suffer'd for what I hae done, an' if thou had a bestowed thyself on a me, ye see what a bonny bairn time we wad a hane.

Moth. Thou says it thou's suffer'd sadly for what thou's done, but though they wad tak the hide o'er thy een

een holes it wadna tak the inclination out o' thee; for thou'll do't again, but it's no be wi my bairn I'll warrant thee, an' now Johnny come awa heme to thy hauf marrow an' use thy freedom as formerly, thou'll hae weans thick and three fauld; I'll mak thee decoction of cock stanes, lamb stanes, an' chicken broe, will gar thee cock thy tail like a mevie an' canter like a Galloway toop.



The Vth and Last PART.

Being an Account of Jockey's Mother's Death and Burial: With an Elegant Elegy and Epitaph on that occasion — The Baptizing of his two Children, and how he mounted the stool.

AS Jockey and his mither came hobbling hame together on the out side of the auld doil'd beast his mither's black mare; a weafu' misfortune beset them; — Her hinderlets being wickedly wet, in John Davie's well that morning, and it being a frosty night, her coats was a' frozen round about her, and the hard harn fark plaid clash between her legs like a wet dish-clout, her teeth gaed like a rattle bag till about haf gate hame, then she was suddenly seized wi' a rumbling in her muckle bag, what we kintry fouks ca's a rush i' the guts; Jockey was fash'd helping her aff and helping her on, foul, fat, and dirty was the road, having like half a T—d at every radder length.

Jock. Deed mither, I doubt death has something to do wi' you, for there's a rumbling in a your wame like an auld wise kirning.

Mith. Hout tout I canna hear o't, but they'll be na fear o' me now, I'm safe at my ain door, thanks to thee an' the auld beast it brought me; heat my feet wi' the bannock-stane, an' lay me in my bed, sling four pair o' blankets an' a cann'os on me, I'll be weel enough an' ance I were better, swieth Maggy gae mak me a cogfu' o' milk brose, an' a placks worth o' spice in them, nae fear of an auld wife as lang as she's loose behin, an can tak meat.

Jock. I'se be't mither, a e'en fill up the bos o' your belly, you'll stand to the storm the better, I'se warran ye never die as lang as you can tak your meat.

Ben comes Maggy wi' the brose: but four soups an' a slag fill'd her to the teeth, till she began to bock them back again, and ding awa the dish.

Jock. I mither, mither, I dout there's mare ado wi' you nor a dish to lick: whan ye refuse guide milk meat, am doubtfu' your mouth be gawn to the mules.

Mith. I dear Johnny am no willen to die if I could do better; but this will be a fair winter, on auld frail fouks, yet an' I wou'd grow better I might live these twenty years yet, an' be nae auld wife for a' that: but alake a day there is e'en mony auld fouk dying this year.

Jock. A deed mither there is fouks dieing the year that never died before.

Mith. Dear Johnny wilt thou bring me the doctor he may do me some guide, for an my heart warn a sick an' my head sae sair, I think I may grow better yet.

Jock. A weel mither, I'se bring the doctor, the minister, an' my uncle.

Mith. Na, na, bring nae ministers to me, his dry cracks'll do me but little guid, I dinna want to see his powder'd pow, an' I in sic an ill condition; get me a pint o' drams in the muckle bottle, an' set in the bole in the back side o' my bed.

Jock. A deed mither ye're in the right o't, for ye want to be weel warm'd within: to chase the call wind an' frosty water out at your back side.

Then awa he rins to draff Meg's at the Kirktown,
an'

an' brings a bottle in every hand, out wi' the cork an' gies her ane in o'er, she sets it to her gab an' squattles up a mutchkin at a waught, which was like to wirry her till she fell a risting and roaring like an auld blunder-bush.

Mith. Hech hay, co' she, but that maks an alteration and wears awa the wind.

Wi' that her head fell to the cod and she sughte awa, like a very faint or drunken sinner.

Jock. O! Maggy, Maggy, my mither's lost her breath, (she'll no live lang without it,) I doubt she be dead already, and nae body seen her but ye and I and ourselfs twa; an' she had been fair o'er seen it maksna, I'll no ha'd this a fair strae death indeed, fy Maggy, cry in a' the neighbours to see her die, although she be deed. O an she wad but shake her fit, or wag her muckle tae, it wad ay be some satisfaction: but in come the neighbours in a hush, dinging ither down in the door.

Jock. Come awa sirs, for my mither's as deed as a mauk, good be thanket for't; but I'd rather it had a been the black mare, or the muckle riggat cow, for weel a wat I'll een miss her, for she was a bra spinner o'tow; an' cou'd a cardet to twa muckle wheels, she had nae faut but ane an that was her tongue, but she'll speak nae mair, fy gets a dale or a barn door to straught her on, for ay whan she was cauld she was unco kankert an' ill to curch, but I'se hae her yerdet on Wednesday teen.

Come, come, says Maggy, wi maun hae her drest.

Jock. What does the fool mean? wad ye drest a dead woman, she'll never gang t kirk nor market a' her days again.

Mag. A dear John be at ease, ye ken she mauna be buried as she is, a fark and winden sheet is the least she can get.

Jock. Ah ha Maggy is that what you mean, she has a guid new windin sheet, it was never about her shoulders yet sae Maggy do't a' yourself, and I'se gar clinkem Bell misure the grave and mak it.

Now

Now when they brought out the corps John told the people they were welcome, to haud in a cheek o' his auld mither wast the gate; and being laid right on the spakes, ha' ha' quoth he, this is a bra honesty indeed, its mair boukie nor my bridal was, but when they came to the grave, it was o'er short and strait about the mouth, which set John in a great passion, saying a soul sa your naughty fashons master bell man, did not I packshon wi' you for the bried o' my mither's back and the length o' her carkage? an' this hole winna haud her thou's get nae mair o' my change if I fude die the morn.

Uncle Rabbie. Whisht, whisht, stir, this fude be a day o' mourning for your mither, dinna flyte here.

Jock. What the vengeance uncle, fudra fouks die when they're auld? an' am to pay for a hole and get but haf a hole; that's the thing that vexes me, but I'll keep two pence out o' his trencher for't, an' se will I een; but gang ye hame uncle to get cog and cap for the dradgery, and I'll see her get fair play or I gae.

Hame they came in a croud and fell to the cheese and cheeks of leaves ruth and nail, the ale was handed about in cogs and caps, lashing it down o'er like bletchers watering their webs; John blutter'd in the cogue like a cow in warm water, till the barm and bubbles came belling out at his nose, saying a guide health to you a round about, an shoon an shortly may wi a gang the gate my mither's gane, an' I wish them a burying a-mang dogs that speaks against it.

About eight and twenty weeks thereafter Maggy had a wally weame fu of weans to bear, an' ay when she cryed, John cryed, which made a the kimmers and auld Katty the howdie laugh heartily to hear them.

Katty. Here now John, your wife's brought to bed wi' a bra lad bairn, gie him your blessing.

Jock. Well I wat he's no want that; but an' there had a been as muckle din at the getting o' him, as at the bearing o' him, it fude ne'er a been gotten for me: Come, come, gets in uncle Rabbie, the corn riddle sa' of the three nucket scons, whang down the cheese like peats,

peats, eat and drink as at my mither's dragey, till wi forget our sorrow, and then weel see Mefs John about a name till him; since wi see its the way o't, that the young comes into the warld and chaces out the auld, wi maun chrifen them, and they maun bury us.

Now John and his uncle goes to the minister, he enters, saying, guideen to you Mr minister ye dina ken my mither's deed?

Minister. Yes John I heard so: but how is your wife?

Jock. My wife stir a wae worth her, for the wives o' our town an' I hae gotten a waking night wi' her; but wi hae gotten her tum'd and still'd again she's born a bra wally thumping stirra, he'll hird the kye belyve to me an' he had huggers on him, an' am come to you to get a bit name to him.

Minister. A bit name to him John, if ye want no more but a name, ye may gie him that yourself.

Jock. Na but stir, I want baith the words and the water, what ye say to ither fouks say to me.

Minister. A but John you must give security or satisfaction, you're a man under scandal.

Jock. What the muckle mischief stir, though under scandal or abune scandal, will ye refuse to chrifen my wean that's honestly gotten in my ain wife's bed beneath the blankets; caus I had a bystart canna ye chrifen the weel com'd ane, let the bystart stand for its ain skeith without a name.

Minister. No John you have been too slackly dealt with, I'll bring you to obedience by law, since you reject counsel.

Jock. A deed stir, I wad think naething to stan a time or twa on't to please you if there were nae body in the kirk on a uke day but you an' the elders to flyte a wi on me; but its war on a Sunday, to hae a' body looking an' laughing at me, as I had been coding the pieise, suppen the kirk, or something that's no bonny like pissing the bed.

Minister. A well John nevermind you these things, come

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come ye to the stool, its nothing when its over we can not say o'er much to you about it.

Upon Sunday thereafter John comes with uncle Rabbies auld wide coat, a muckle great gray lang tail'd wig and a big bonnet, which cover'd his face, so that he seem'd more like an old Pilgrim than a young furnicator; mounts the creepy with a stiff stiff back as he had been a man of sixty, every one looked at him, thinking he was some old stranger who knew not the stool of repentance by another seat, so that he passed the first day unknown but to very few, yet or the second it came to be known, that the whole parish and many more came to see him; which caused such a confusion that he was absolved, and got his children baptized the next day.

But there happen'd a tullie between the twa mother's who would have both their names to be Johns, a weel a weel says old John their father to the minister, deed stir ye maun ca' the tean John an' the tither Jock, and that will please baith these enemies o' mankind.

Minister. A well John suppose ye do, it is still twa John nevertheless.

Jock. A deed stir, ye maun gie the wicked a' their will, wi's ca' the bystart Jockie, an' my son Johnny Belt; On wi't some way and let her ca't as she likes.

Minister. A dear John but ye speak indifferently about this matter, ye know not the nature of it.

Jock. A mony thanks to you Mefs John, now caus ye hae crisend baith my bairn and my bystart I hope you'll forgive me the buttock male.

Minister. John I desire you to be silent and to speak none here: You must keep a straight walk in time coming free of scandal or offence.

Jock. Ay stir an' how think ye the like o' me can wak straight wi' sic auld shevelin heel'd shune as mine, amang such rough rigs, highs an' hous as I hae to harl through.

Minister. I need not speak to you, you are but a poor mean ignorant person.

Jock.

Jock. Na stir welawat am neither poor nor yet mean,
my mither's fairly yerdet now guide be thanket, and
left a' she had to Maggy and me.

Minister. But hear ye this John, ye must not kiss
any other woman nor your own wife, live justly like
another honest christian, and you'll come to die well.

Jock. A black end on a me stir, in ever I lay a un-
lawfu leg upon hissie again and they sude lie down to
me while our Maggy lests; and for dieing their's nae
fear o' that, but I'll no get fair play if ye an' a' the aul-
der fouk in the parish be not dead before me, so I hae
done wi' ye now.



AN EPI TAPH.

HERE lyes the dust of John Bell's Mither,
Against her will death's brought her hither,
Clapt in this hole, hard by his dady,
Death snatch't her up, or she was ready,
Lang might she liv'd wer't not her wame,
But wha can live beyond their time?
There's none laments her but the Sufer,
So here she lyes looking about her,
Looking about her ! how can that be?
Yes, she sees her state, better than we.

An ELEGY on the Death of JOCKEY'S MOTHER.

NOW a' body kens my Mither's dead,
For weel a' wat I bore her head,
And in the grave I saw her laid,

*It was e'en right drole,
For her to change a warm fire side :*

*For a cauld kirk-hole.
But every ane tell'st just like a sang,
That yon's the gate wi' hae to gang,
For me to do it, I think nae lang,*

*If I can do better.
For I trow my Mither thinks it nae sang.*

*What needs wi' clatter.
But thanks to death ay for the futer,
That did not let her get the Suter,
For about her gear they wad been a splutter,
And sae had been,
For he came ay snoaking about her.*

*Late at teen.
For our Maggy watch't and saw,
My Mither's back was at the wa',
But what was mair hach ha' hach ha'*

*I winna tell.
She to do yon stood little aw',
Just like mysell.*

*But to get gear was a' ber drift,
And used many a pinging shift :
About her spinning and her thrift,
Was a' her care,
She's gotten but little o't abune the list,
Wi' her ti wear.*

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